despendent a service car announce and announce and announce and announce of

strole tpates.

They sulleped away in a cloud of dust He watched them until they had

vanished around the none of a low hill. He was still blushing when Brown came into sight with the four-

That afternoon he strove to recount

is adventure to Hyan and to Hart Oddly enough, Spreckies had for

gott's the mention of Hart's name.
"I just thought," he finally remarked, "one of them cars something about you, Mr. Hart looked at him curiously; he

knew no women around here.
"Something about you." Spreckies scratched his head. "I was tellin her about the work, and then she says."

OPER OF PRECEDENG CHAPPERS. hyan had stopped the engine, and he stopped to unfasten the tongs. He nodded to Spreckies. "Loosen that spider, now!" he ordered. The tool dresser, gave him a despairing look, but seized a sixteen-po ind sledge and opened the trapd.", which led into the cellar.

In this ten-foot cave under the derrick floor lay a thick, inclusing ring.

## CHAPTER XIII. Below the Trapdoor.

HE repairing of the derrick went to completion. The fishing job began. Lawson hardly sleft, and Hart found himself often in the tower at midnight, until ten days later they pulled back the toole. After that the only minor mishaps. The bole was conly minor mishaps. The bole was stood with his hand on the telegraph which controlled the engine, waiting for a signal, before he started the machinery.

dresser, took a memorable day off and machinery.

He deliled in the cook house one evening, after Ryan had gone back to the derrick. He jerked his head mysteriously to Hart, and when the latter had followed him cutaide beyond carshot of the other men:

Toriously to Hart, and when the latter had followed him cutaide beyond carshot of the other men:

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Toriously to Hart, and when the latter had followed him cutaide beyond carshot of the other men:

Toriously to Hart, and when the latter had followed him cutaide beyond carshot of the other men:

"Say, Mr. Hart" -- he looked earned to door.

Ity into Hart's eyes -- "I've just got to door.

Hart had been thinking of Jean.

Hart had been thinking of Jean. "Way, Mr. Hart" -- he looked earnest- Wrong!"

ALL STORY CHARLES HAVE A TOTAL OF THE STORY

## You Never Can Tell AND By Maurice Ketten



The state of the control of the cont

endy for another good story by the ever outlier of "Got-Mich-Quick allingtord?" You're sure to enjoy

# Baby and the Boss By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

MEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE MOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD

It's a buman, humerous and timely budiness romance with a dash of politics and a splash of mills.

multier exuded from the round from eummit of the well; it died away at chee; then came again, prolonged.

And gas with it? Lawson looked about him sharply. "We got to hold it down."

Into his command there penetrated a terrible interruption, Out of the remote depths, where the litt had unlocked it from its price house, the oil was spusing. A deep grow; was growing hearer, louder. By the time they had goring to the herrela a rushing roor drove the blood from the women's face.

"Run!" shouted Lawson.

Jean and Virginia fied from the dir trembled to the growing roar. A finded like rabbits from the structure. A flood of water leaped from the well's rim; it descended, wetting everything. And then a thick, black column agrang thundering upward toward the grown block.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Gusher.

"His black-oil column arose, a jet pillar, elimbing straight upward, in the centre of timbered framework About its circumference whirled a clonk of misting drops. The roar of driving gases made it seem alive; monater unleashed from bilmd subterranean caves.

Abruptly the thunder ceased. It ended in a sigh, lato the silence, interpretation of the oil problems bord of the oil problems of property.

The marriage was so quiet, so, brief, so matter-of-text in its brevity, that on head of no misting as they ran back to the derrick house. Hart and spreaded out and shock was thinking of those aftornous when he had ridden forth with Virginia Heary.

Virginia Heary had gone on ahead with jea to freely of the oil problems of property.

The marriage was so quiet, so, brief, so matter-of-text in its brevity, that when he held Jean in his arms and when he held Jean in his arms and when he held Jean in his arms and shock man head ridden for the nile problems for the oil problems of property.